

A DIFFERENT VARMINT.



LANDLADY (preparing to carve the fowl)—Which part of the chicken do you prefer, Mr. —
BOARDERS (in one voice)—Leg, please!
LANDLADY (severely)—I said chicken, ladies and gentlemen, not centipede.

A Friend in Need.

"Jimson is a friend in need."
"It seems so. He's always trying to borrow."

An Unkind Cut.

"Why was the Garden of Eden called Paradise?"
"Because there was only one woman in it."

The Vassar Girl's Victory.

She was a Vassar maiden, who
Not only knew a thing or two
About the ancient classics,
But understood just what to do
In cases which you can't construe
By means of mathematics.

So, when her timid little aunt
Complained, "The cook's recalcitrant
And wants a raise in wages,"
The Vassar vestal did not vaunt
Her knowledge, nor in vain descend
On deeds of old, dark ages.

But straightway to the sulky cook
She hastened, and, with haughty look,
Combined with mien majestic,
Exclaimed, "Your conduct I'll not brook,
But I will solve, without a book,
The problem called 'domestic!'"

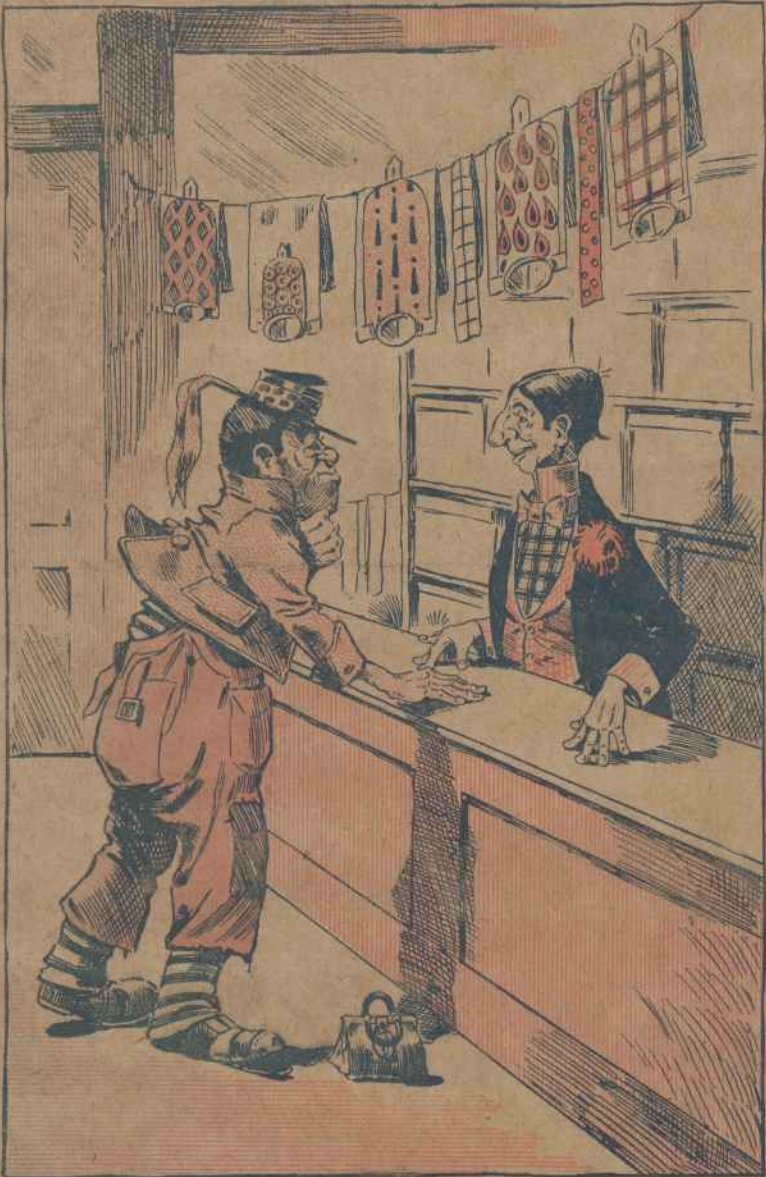
With eyes ablaze and cheeks aflame,
She felled the frightened kitchen dame
Who struggled hard to pass her;
She beat a tattoo on her frame
And tried the tactics of the game
Of football, à la Vassar.

"I came, I saw, I conquered her,
She panted with a feline purr,
"And there'll be balm in Gilead!
But when it comes to deeds that stir
The pulses, I would fain prefer
The Odyssey or Iliad!"

Good Advice.

BROWNE—What should I do when I'm in
doubt as to what steps to take?
TOWNE—Consult a dancing master.

HIS CONSCIENCE RATTLED HIM.



"Let's have a shirt, in a hurry, boss. Somethin' plain. I've got to catch a train."

Mephisto's Kindling.

SHE—Why do you suppose matches are made
in Heaven?
HE—I presume to keep up the fires below.

All That Was Needful.

MAMIE—But why do you love me, Jack?
I am not worth much.
JACK—Oh, that's all right. Your father is.



Holy smoke! His jags is onto me!"

What Fetched 'Em.

Mrs. Skinnerknit had opened a boarding house
for unexceptionable parties, and she waited day
after day to receive any who might call. But her
fortune seemed to be in abeyance, for she could
not fill the house.

She was prepared to be generous and to treat
her boarders well, so that they would want
to stay on indefinitely in such an abode of bliss, but
nobody answered her appeal. Other boarding
houses far less deserving than hers, filled up
rapidly, but hers did not.

She was located in a desirable neighborhood,
too, which made it all the more strange.

Day after day she inserted her advertisement
to the effect that excellent rooms, first-class table
board and refined society were to be found at
her establishment—all in vain, and she was
losing money terribly.

But one night in the still watches, as she lay
awake fretting, an idea flashed across her wor-
ried brain.

The next day she hurried to all the newspaper
offices and inserted this notice in each:

At Mrs. Skinnerknit's Boarding House,
No. — Blank Avenue,
Guests can obtain
A Supper on Sunday Evening
WORTH EATING.

In two weeks she had to buy the neighboring
house, and even then people were turned away
every day.

That Was Different.

MRS. TEETERS (to her niece)—Let me warn
you against marrying a theatrical person, for
such people never have any money.

MISS AMY—But, aunty dear, it is a property
man I am engaged to.

The Burglar's Break.

The burglar opened the par-
lor window, which had been
carelessly left unfastened,
and cautiously made his way
inside. "Ha," said he, "I know
this place like a book, although
I've never been here before.
That's the beauty of putting
up so many buildings as like
as a whole crop of peas; it
saves us fellows a heap of
time."

With his bag over his shoul-
der, his pistol handy in his
side pocket, and his bull's-eye
in his left hand, he made his
way upstairs to the back bed-
room. "Not a soul in here,
and as I live the mantel is
lined with valuables. And
there are a couple of silver
vases just like the ones I
pinched the other night up in
Harlem. They must have
went to the same bargain sale.
Well, they'll sell for just as
much, an' I'll keep the others
for ornament. It'll please the
woman."

"Hark! What's that? Some
one breathing in the hall bed-
room." He tiptoed to the door,
and in the dim moonlight he
saw a child in bed. "Blamed
if it aint a little kid. Well,
sleep on, honey. I have one
like you, and I'm no kidnaper
anyhow, so finish your
nap."

He chuckled and looked over
his shoulder as if fearful that
some one had heard him, and
then went back and continued
the work of filling up his bag.
"Blame me if this man isn't
in the brickybrac business.
There's \$200 worth of swag
in here at the lowest."

He now proceeded cautiously
into the front bedroom. A
woman lay sound asleep in
the bed. With the reckless-
ness born of long immunity
from detection and with the
stillness of an expert he swept
the contents of the bureau
drawers into his bag, relying
only on the dim moonlight.
"Gee! he must have bought
out a jewelry store. The place
is loaded with vallybles. An'
no close, not even a wipe in
the whole shootin' match.
Blame funny, but I'm in a
clean six hundred easy."

He was putting the last
thing into the bag, a silver
bell, when by some piece of
awkwardness of which the
most skillful burglar is some-
times guilty he dropped it on
the floor, and the noise awoke
the occupant of the bed. She
sat up. He did not stir.
"Who is it?" she called out in
such a calm tone that his
heart sank, for he knew she
must be plucky, and would
probably make it difficult for
him to escape with his swag.

He covered her with his
pistol.

"Don't scream," he whis-
pered hoarsely. She reached
under the pillow and drew
forth a pistol and aimed it at
him, for at the sound of his
voice she had located him.
"Light the gas," said she.
Scarcely knowing why he did
it, he obeyed her. Then he
looked at her and his pistol
sank to his side. "Mary," he
said.

"Well, upon my word, John!
If you have so little regard
for me that you waste your
valuable time trying to scare
me with your tomfoolery in-
stead of entering as many
houses as you can before day-
light, I'll get a divorce. What
do you mean by it anyhow?"

During her tirade he had
stood looking at her with
stare-faced features. He now
found words. "Mary, I sware
I thought I was further down
the block robbin' people with
a heap of swag, an' I'd a lit
out with it if that blamed bell
hadn't fell. I came through
an alleyway in the nex' street
an' climbed the fence an'
came in through the parlor
window. Well, Mary, I sup-
pose the drinks is on me.
I'm poorer by at least six hun-
dred slukers than I thought
I was."

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HAD THEM TO BURN.



TAKEN AT THE RATE OF
A MILLION A MINUTE.



DADDY—Didn't I tole yo' not to go in swimmin' with a white boy?
SON—He wasn't white, daddy, when he fust cum in.